

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. I. NO. XVI.

WRANGELL, ALASKA THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1903.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

SPECIAL SALE Of SHOES for Ladies, Thursday and Friday, Only.

Will arrive on or before March 15th,

.....MY LINE OF.....

Ladies' Shirt Waists, Coats, Jackets, Skirts,
Ribbons, and Gents', Boys and
Children's Clothing, Fancy Spring Shirts, Neckwear, Carpets,
Rugs, Mattings, Linoleums, Lace Curtains, Portiers, Etc.

F. W. CARLYON.

Successor to Reid & Sylvester.

ALASKA SENTINEL.

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A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

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Professional Cards per Month \$1.00
Display, per inch per month 50
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GEORGE CLARK,
Attorney-at-Law
and Notary Public.
Wrangell, Alaska.

GEO. E. RODMAN,
Attorney-at-Law.
Ketchikan, Alaska.
Will practice in all courts. All business promptly attended to.

New York Kitchen.
K. NAKANO, Prop'r.
Open from 7 a. m. to 12 Midnight.
and
The Best Meal Served for 35c.

Best Bread and Pastry
Always on Hand.
DROP IN.
Eastern Oysters, 50 Cents.

Dissolution of Partnership
NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Drs. K. A. Kyvig and L. S. Schreuder, doing business at the Stickeen Pharmacy, will dissolve Feb. 1st, 1903, by mutual consent. Dr. L. S. Schreuder retiring and Dr. K. A. Kyvig continuing the business, who will collect all outstanding accounts and assume all liabilities contracted by the above-named firm.
Dr. K. A. KYVIG.
Dr. L. S. SCHREUDER.
Dated Jan. 23, 1903.

U. S. MAIL BOAT

Tidings,

R. B. YOUNG, Master,

Sails on or about

March 15, 1903.

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight, for

Olympic Mining Co.'s Hattie Camp,

Shakan, Klawack,

Howkan, Copper Mt.,

Klin Quann, Hunter's Bay

For freight and passenger rates, apply to

R. B. YOUNG.

GO TO

J. G. Grant,

WRANGELL,

For all of the

Latest Papers

and

Leading Periodicals.

Fresh Fruits

AND

Confectionery.

ALL ORDERS FOR

COAL

PROMPTLY FILLED.

Steamers a Specialty.

J. W. RABER,

Practical Barber.

Wrangell, Alaska.

The Smoothest Shave

And Nobbiest Haircut

You are Invited to Call and see me

Next door to Wrangell Drug Store.

OLYMPIC Restaurant and Bakery.

THE
Olympic Restaurant and
Dairy Co.,
PROPRIETORS.

Wrangell, Alaska.

First-Class Meals, 35c. and Up.

Special Rates to Boarders.

Fresh Bread and pastry

Always on hand.

Milk and Cream.

ICE CREAM

Made to Order on Short Notice.

Steamer Capella

A. K. Rastad, Master.

Will leave Wrangell on or about

March 20th, 1903

—For—

Shakan, Klawack, Howkan

And way ports, West Coast of Prince

of Wales Island,

Olympic Mining Co.

C. A. RENOUE.

Commercial Agent.

H. D. CAMPBELL,

—Dealer In—

General Hardware,

tovels: Gr niteware,

Tinware, Galvanized

ware,

Caspent e Tools Etc.

Boat Hardware a Specialty.

Wrangell, Alaska.

E. H. Lyons of Fairhaven, Wash.,

has been in town several days.

Mr. Geo. D. Wheeler has rented the Wrangell Hotel of Robert Reid, to take charge June 1st next.

Charles Jackson and his partner left last week for Frederick Sound where they will engage in the shark oil business.

The steamer City of Seattle was in from the south Thursday morning last with twenty tons of freight and eight passengers for Wrangell.

The Helen Poyne got down from Juneau all right last Thursday evening. Engineer Dalghety run across a man with a small quantity of gasoline, and like the good Samaritan he divided.

The work of getting the steamer Alaska in trim shape for this season's run has been progressing nicely under the supervision of Capt. Miller and Chief Headlund, and will soon be ready for commission.

George Vaughn has gone wrong and because thereof was taken to Juneau on his way to Sitka, last Thursday by Deputy Marshal Grant, to ponder over his shortcomings for the next six months. Little did we dream when he left here about the first of January, apparently in the best of health that in so short a time we would be

singing requiems about the casket that held his lifeless body. But it is so, and this fact should impress all vividly with the thought that "All that is born must die!" Capt. Willson had been to San Francisco and had returned to Seattle on his way home and was taken ill at Seattle. From that time till his death, Mr. E. B. Burwell writes Robert Reid as follows, under date of Feb. 23:

"I had been to see him every day except yesterday, and intended fully to go then, until I found it too late. It seemed to me every day since I went with him to the hospital one week ago last Friday that he had been improving, and yesterday Mr. Baker went to see him and he was feeling very comfortable, but had a pretty hard cough. The nurse says he coughed a good deal during the night, and this morning she had just been to see him and had stepped out for a considerable length upon his manly few minutes to get something when acts and charitable nature, referring on her return she found him in the to the fact that the public would midst of a violent hemorrhage, in never know how great a benefactor

I have just received my first Shipment of

Spring and Summer Dry Goods.

It includes splendid values in

Ladies, Gents and Children's Underwear.

Newest Patterns in LADIES' DRESS GOODS, SILK ORGANIES, Silk Novelty

Waist Patterns, Waists, Skirts, Fancy Dotted Swiss, Linens, Etc., Rte.

New Goods by Every Boat,

PROSPECTING,

Logging and Hunting Outfits a Specialty.

THE CITY STORE, DONALD SINCLAIR, Prop.

To Be Brief!

We will state that for the Next Ten Days we will make a

DEEP CUT ON ALL

Dry Goods, Shoes, Ladies' & Gents FURNISHING.

HAVE YOU A BOY?

Starting tomorrow morning we will place on our Counter 36 Pairs Boys Kneepants all sizes, at 50c. pr Pair

ST. MICHAEL TRADING CO.

The OLD RELIABLE.

Thos. A. Willson

DEAD!

Passes Away at Seattle,
Feb. 23. 1903.

WRANGELL,

HIS HOME,

In Mourning!

"Ring the bell softly,

"There's a crape on the door."

All that is mortal of CAPTAIN

THOMAS A. WILLSON lies in a vault near the Presbyterian Church at this place where it was carefully placed last Sunday by loving hands, amid a multitude of sorrowing friends and bereft neighbors.

Little did we dream when he left here about the first of January, apparently in the best of health that in so short a time we would be

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which he died in a few minutes."

He had been to this people. Then came prayer by Mr. Corser, the congregation sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the benediction was pronounced, thus closing the earthly ceremony upon a Good man—an excellent neighbor and citizen, a charitable giver, a valued adviser and a kind and affectionate husband and guardian.

Thomas A. Wilson was born at Hartstown, Crawford county, Pa., Feb. 3rd, 1838. He served thro' the war of the rebellion and was severely wounded in the left arm at the battle of South Mountain. He served in the Army of the Potomac. After the recovery from his wound he had charge of a colored regiment and was provost Marshal of Jacksonville, Florida. Lived at Jacksonville until 1880, and was at one time member of the council and acting mayor of the city. Capt. Willson came to Alaska in 1880, and was for several years connected with the custom service. He built the saw mill at Wrangell in 1890, and had successfully operated it up to the time of his death.

Deceased was wedded in 1901 to the woman who is now left to mourn his loss, and with her this community mourns.

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Sunday evening Memorial services were held at the Presbyterian Church and the building was filled with a sorrowing congregation of citizens to pay their last respects to him who had been for years so prominently identified with what ever had come up for the good of the community—morally, socially and financially. The services were as follows:

Singing "Abide with Me," by a male quartet consisting of Messrs. Beattie, Campbell, McHugh and Snyder.

Invocation, by Rev. H. B. Corser. "Give me the Wings of Faith," by male quartet.

Reading Scriptures, Ps. 122-124, by Rev. Corser.

Singing "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," by congregation.

Prayer, by Rev. Corser.

Singing "My Faith Looks up to Thee," by congregation.

Offering.

Addresses: Judge Thomas and A. V. R. Snyder spoke for the Chamber of Commerce, telling of Capt. Willson's many virtues as a citizen and neighbor; F. H. Gray spoke feelingly of deceased as a veteran of the civil war and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic; Rev. Corser dwelt at considerable length upon his manly and heroic qualities, and spoke of his many acts and charitable nature, referring on her return she found him in the to the fact that the public would

midst of a violent hemorrhage, in never know how great a benefactor

Mrs. Reid has had another letter from Mrs. Tait and she reports Mr. Tait still failing. The poor woman is almost discouraged and feels that they would be better off in Wrangell,

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL ALASKA.

If you would be a man of mark, let the tattoo artist get his work in on you.

A dealer in old iron may know nothing of prize fights, yet he's familiar with scraps.

Sir William Hingston says there is danger in the surgeon's knife. We have for some time suspected as much.

It's wonderful how easy it is for a small man to swallow his anger when the other fellow happens to be a heavyweight.

Just as the Pacific cable is being laid Marconi has fixed things so that cables are not needed. Why couldn't he have made his plans public a little earlier?

Sitting Bull's son now stands on a western railroad embankment as the motive power of a shovel. In the long run the spade is mightier than the tomahawk.

Although the paragraphs are aware that the name of the new French minister to Venezuela is Weiner, none of them has yet suggested that he is probably the Wurst.

The cake walk has been exported to Paris, and like many California wines, will doubtless be imported after a little as the genuine French article. They call it the *dans du gâteau*.

An Ann Arbor professor has discovered seven new posons. The old favorites, however, will still continue in demand, and answer all legitimate and illegitimate purposes of destruction.

Dr. Lorenz says he is going to work only half the time after he is 50 years old. Dr. Lorenz isn't working on a railroad. If he were he might be glad to have a chance to work even a quarter of the time after he has had his fiftieth birthday.

A man who had lived by begging, who had slept in ash barrels, and whose clothes were the cast-off garments of other people, died in Toronto the other day, leaving \$100,000 in cash. This proves conclusively that it can't be taken along.

Advertisements signed by a Shanghai Chinaman which have recently appeared in some of our American periodicals have a quaint, delightful flavor of that wisdom which is world-wide. "I want smart youth sell my Chinese curios," announces the Shanghai man. "If he catch much business, he earn many cash." This is worthy or Ben Franklin himself. To be sure, Franklin would have used different words, but he could not have stated the fact more concisely.

Ibrahim Khan Dovleti, who has recently been appointed Persian ambassador at Athens, is said to be the first ambassador sent from Persia to Greece since Darius sent heralds in 491 B. C., to demand earth and water from the Greeks as symbols of submission to him. The Athenians made arrangements to welcome the Persian this time with imposing ceremonies, as they do not intend to kill him, as their ancestors did the messenger of Darius. Although Persia has had no minister in Greece for more than twenty centuries, it has been represented in Athens by a consul in recent years.

The "affair of honor," as the duel is called in France, is, fortunately, disreputable in the United States. Nevertheless, this country has its own affairs of true honor. A New York banker, who eight years ago was overwhelmed in a financial crash, recently paid the \$700,000 from which the bankruptcy courts had relieved him. In 1894 he was so poor that he had to borrow money for a railway fare. Today, by honorable business methods, he is again a millionaire. Some years ago another New York banker, who had once failed for a large amount, gave a dinner to all his former creditors. Under each plate, attached to the name card, was a check covering the debt and interest which, in honor, although not bound by law, he owed to each guest.

The child born in the United States a hundred years hence will live longer than the child born in 1900. That is to say, his chances of greater longevity will be assured under normal conditions of birth and living. This does not interest the youngsters born in 1900 or those born in 1860, but it is the most important fact disclosed by the vital statistics of the twelfth census. It shows that the average length of life in the United States is slowly but steadily increasing. Ten years ago the average length of life was thirty-one years, while the last census shows it to be thirty-two. This means—if the same rate of increase is maintained—that the average length of life in the year 2000 will be forty-two years, and, incidentally of course, the number of centenarians, as well as those who pass the scriptural milestone of threescore and ten, will be greatly increased. While this advance of one year in length of life in a decade may strike the ordinary individual as very slow progress, if he will only keep in mind the littleness of a century when it comes to measuring the age of the human race he will find himself growing very skeptical as to whether such a rapid increase can be maintained.

Much less significance attaches to the figures giving the number of centenarians in this country in 1900, for an occasional centenarian may be found in localities that appear to present few conditions favorable to longevity. The important conclusion to be drawn from the vital statistics is that the conditions of life, including a wider observance of hygienic and sanitary laws, are growing more favorable to longevity of the American people.

After China and India the order of the more populous countries of the world is: European Russia, 106,000,000; United States, 76,000,000; Germany, 56,000,000; Austria, 47,000,000; Japan, 43,000,000; United Kingdom, 41,000,000. In all these countries except the United States the increase from decade to decade is for the most part from the native stock. Of the United States it is said that its population would decline if it were not for immigration, and this fact or assumption is treated in quite an alarming style by J. Weston, a writer for the Nineteenth Century, whose article is entitled "The Weak Spot in the American Republic." Mr. Weston appeals to statistics to show that in Massachusetts there are 1,743,710 persons of foreign birth and foreign parentage in a total population of 2,800,000. "The population of Illinois," he adds, "is 4,821,550. Of these 906,747 are foreign born and 1,498,473 of foreign parentage, so that the proportion of genuine Americans in this typical Western State is no greater than it is in Pennsylvania. In California it is less. The native element is stronger in the South, but it is not due to the productivity of the American, but to the productivity of the Negro." Taking the country as a whole, the foreign birth rate has gained on the American birth rate until it is four to one. It is the rule for families to decline as they are more and more removed from their foreign origin. "Nowhere, not even in France, is the problem so serious as it is in the United States. History may be searched in vain to find a parallel for a country dependent on foreigners for its vital strength." Mr. Weston does not go into the causes of the decline, but he quotes approvingly from a writer in the Popular Science Monthly as follows: "We have not so many people as we should have had if immigration had never come to us and the native stock had continued their old rate of increase." It is a question, however, if this old rate would have been continued, and it is doubtful if there is much force in Mr. Weston's warning that "only homogeneous peoples ever become great." Homogeneous at most is only a relative term, and the French, whom he does not rank among the great, are perhaps nearer homogeneous than the British.

WHAT SAILORS LIKE TO READ.

Sea Yarns Not in Demand—Detective and Love Stories Preferred.

Down on the East river side a pushcart vendor of cheap books has recently taken his stand. His specialty is books for the seafaring men who abound in his immediate neighborhood, but with considerable shrewdness the enterprising purveyor of "something to read for everybody" has chosen for his location a spot whence he can trap ferrymen as well as the mariners and wayfarers.

Brisk is the business being done by the street book merchant, and by far the greatest proportion of it is with sailors. For the present he is confining himself to soiled novels (with here and there a few religious books) at "bargain" prices, a humble nickel purchasing any volume on the cart.

Among the wares are a remnant lot of "Vanit Fair" (complete), novels by Daudet, Scott, Cooper, etc., all published at prices ranging from a quarter upward.

"No, sir," replied the vendor to an inquirer, says the New York Times, "there is no demand for sea yarns, except among youngsters. The sailors can tell better stories than many in books. Anyhow, the ship folk get quite enough of the sea, and the reading matter they want on a voyage is a rattling good love story or a detective yarn with plenty of excitement in it."

"Some sailors, before going off on a long voyage, buy as many as twenty books at a time, and others club together and take quite a small library on board to while away their idleness.

"Almost any sort of story sells well. All that the sailors ask is something to interest them, and they don't bother about style or the author's name. So I can sell here heaps of books that would be dead stock around Broadway, even if I were allowed to peddle there."

Last Chance.

The keeper in attendance on a guest at a Norfolk shooting party recently looked on with disgust at the gentleman's erratic marksmanship. He was banging away here, there and everywhere, but no birds fell.

"Aim higher, sir," advised the keeper. Still the birds flew untouched.

"It ain't the gun, sir, and it ain't the cartridges," remarked the Norfolk man. "Try shuttin' your right eye instead of the left, sir."

But not a pheasant fell.

The keeper scratched his head.

"The birds is very strong on the wing this year," he remarked, "but there's one more chance. If I was you, sir, I should 'ave a pop with both eyes shut." —London Answers.

Nearly every wife says to her husband: "I've taken a good deal from you, and I suppose I'll take a good deal more, but there's one thing I won't stand, and you might as well know it."

When a man is in love he doesn't know axle grease from butter.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Migration to Town.

THE increase of urban population at the expense of the rural population is commonly deplored, but a closer study of the character of the depletion of country districts is desirable. Statistics in the gross tell us very little about the real nature of the migration from country to town. There are as many farmers in the country as ever, the London Times contends, the persons that have gone from the rural districts to the cities being, in fact, not farmers or farm laborers, but mechanics who formerly produced locally what is now manufactured more cheaply at a few centers of industry. "Seventy years ago," says the Times, "country districts had to be self-sufficient to a far greater extent than at present. Communications were imperfect and many things had to be produced on the spot which are now more economically produced in urban centers and more cheaply delivered to the consumers. Therefore a large rural population which was never engaged in rural labor, but only in supplying those who were so engaged, is transferred to the towns. The transfer does not really argue any such general withdrawal of agricultural laborers from agricultural labor as is sometimes assumed and bewailed. To a considerable extent it argues only wholesale instead of retail production, and easy instead of difficult distribution. Machinery has invaded even agriculture, and by increasing the efficiency of the individual has enabled agricultural work to be done by a smaller number of hands."

There is another fact which militates against the common view that agriculture is restricted by the desertion of agriculturists. Where agriculture is a prosperous business and offers large rewards there seems to be no lack of men to carry it on. The rush for Oklahoma a few years ago, like the present influx of farmers and laborers into Canada, shows that agriculture still attracts. In the South the towns have grown rapidly, but not, it appears, at the expense of the real farming population. The mechanics that served the local population may have left the country districts, but not a large proportion of the tillers of the soil. No doubt the high wages offered by municipalities and by some manufacturers, together with the attraction of easier city life, bring many to town, but this movement has, perhaps, been exaggerated.—Baltimore Sun.

Winning the Fight with Consumption.

THE decline in the death rate by consumption from 2.54 per 1,000 in 1890 to 1.87 in 1900 proves the surprising advance in the success with which the "white death" is now fought and conquered. Most of this change has been wrought by common sense methods of treating the disease. Yet the figures in detail seem to demolish the theory of some extremists that climate has little to do with cure. Damp Rhode Island is, so far as white population is concerned, the State where consumption most rages; "acclimated" natives suffer less than immigrants, and of the foreign born those are least susceptible who come from Eastern Europe, and who were there habituated to a "Continental climate" like our own in variations of heat and cold.

The three hygienic specific rest, good food and outdoor air with a favorable climate is possible, and safeguards against infection will yet rob consumption of most of its remaining terrors.—New York World.

Good Roads Movement.

PENNSYLVANIA is waking up to the importance of good roads also and is discussing a proposition to spend \$2,000,000 in highway improvement. The Pennsylvania farmers, like their brethren elsewhere, are realizing that they have a special interest in this matter, as it concerns them more directly than it does any one else. The Philadelphia Record puts the case concisely when it says: "Good roads facilitate intercourse among

HOME DISTILLING PLANT.

There is no question but that a large proportion of the sickness with which mankind is afflicted is due to impure water, taken when the system is weakened from some cause and unable to exert its strength to fight the disease microbes with which the water abounds. It is common practice for the physician to recommend the use of distilled water for a patient ill with one disease in order to guard against the liability of other disease germs being taken into the stomach, and it is likely that distilled water would be prescribed for constant use were it not for the difficulty of securing it. It is to provide a constant supply of this pure water, with as little trouble as possible, that the household still shown in the illustration has been invented

So they were placed under a chuking bantam hen, who proved to be a most excellent mother. Tinier birds could hardly be imagined than the little partridges, which hatched in three weeks. They were no larger than good-sized bumblebees and just about the same color. Yet three hours after hatching they ran so fast that it was difficult to catch them, and when cornered they would crouch flat, with head and body pressed close to the sand, resembling a little dried leaf or a tiny clod of earth. Their wings grew with astonishing rapidity, while for a week or two their bodies remained as small as ever. The bantam hen was a particularly small one, yet she looked gigantic when compared with these tiny bundles of down. One of them died when about two weeks old, and its body slipped easily into a half-ounce vial.

When about fifteen days old one escaped from its runway and went straight up into the air almost twenty feet. It was found necessary, in order to recapture the little bird, to let the hen loose and wait until the mites of a partridge crept under her.

One very amusing thing happened daily. The partridges would snuggle under the bantam and gradually work up under her wings until close to her shoulders. When she stood up to feed she would naturally hold her wings more closely to her body than when brooding, and as a result the little birds would be held prisoners in the hollow under her wing. Their little feet would dangle down and kick vigorously as their owners tried to get out. The hen could hear their peeping and would look all around the runway for them, ignorant of their whereabouts. As she walked about or scratched she looked exactly as a person does who carries a bundle under each arm. Before long something would cause her to drop or stretch her wings, when the little fellows would drop out. They were comfortable enough in their unusual position, but the movements and clucks of the hen made them eager to get out.—Country Life in America.

CALIFORNIA PARTRIDGES.

Raised Under a Bantam Hen and Look Like Bumblebees.

The little hen partridge was far too timid to be trusted with her own eggs, for whenever in the least disturbed she would go booming off the nest, the eggs in imminent danger of being crushed.

the people, make access to the markets easier, increase business and enhance the value of farm lands." That is the view which many if not most of the Pennsylvania farmers take is shown by the fact that the State Grange is urging the Legislature to pass a measure providing for the \$2,000,000 expenditure. There is some difference of opinion as to how the money is to be raised, and there are formidable obstacles in the way of creating an effective good roads system for the State. But with united sentiment as to the main question there should be no very serious difficulties to prevent inaugurating satisfactory action. Pennsylvania is well situated to carry out such a scheme.

President William D. Mahon, of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees, states that the membership of that organization throughout the country has increased from 5,000 to 60,000 in five years.

A report issued by the British labor department on workmen's co-operative societies shows the substantial progress of co-operation in England. Between 1874 and 1899 the recorded membership of all classes of co-operative societies increased from 403,010 to 1,681,342, and their total yearly transactions increased from \$75,000,000 to \$340,000,000.

The strongest branch of co-operation in England is that established in the interest of the working people as consumers.

Stop the Handshaking.

ON New Year's Day, President Roosevelt was made to stand before a surging mass of men and women for three hours and a half and to shake the hands of 6,800 of his fellow-creatures. There are many ridiculous things in this world of ours, but is there anything more ridiculous than that? In its origin the custom of handshaking was reasonable and even necessary. Men were almost savage in those distant days, and when two of them wished to hold converse each gave the other his weapon-wielding hand as a pledge of a truce in their mutual relations, which were hostile. But nowadays not even the timidiest soul that ever shuddered over the thought of sudden death would suspect President Roosevelt of an intention to murder him, and if the President should find an assassin in the throng at a reception he avoided handshake, as was proved in the case of President McKinley, would not prepare him for his danger. Such an experience as the President was compelled to submit to on New Year's Day does nobody any good, and it is an imposition upon his good nature and a menace to his health.

Mark Twain says somewhere that the only reason people go up Pike's Peak is to say that they have been there but as for himself, he could say that just as well without taking the trouble to make the ascent. Let the sentimental people who want to tell their neighbors that they have shaken the hand of the President of the United States go ahead and say so, but in the name of common sense let them spare the President the ordeal of gratifying their vanity.—Chicago Journal.

Money the Blood of Civilization.

MONEY is to civilization what blood is to the animal body, the carrier. Money is in portable and permanent form the equivalent of labor and usefulness. Where there is no money the farmer raises what he can, and that has to do with him. If there is a shortage he suffers. If there is a surplus he saves it for the next year. But he can never get very far ahead, for he can never accumulate more than enough to keep him a few years. His crops will rot in his granaries after a short while, and having no wealth he has no leisure. Consequently he does not improve in either social or intellectual condition.

But if there is money in circulation the whole world becomes his neighbor. His surplus crop can be turned into coin which will bring him various commodities from other climates. His life becomes more varied, more elegant. He can travel, for he may carry with him what will pay his way. He can accumulate enough to educate his children and to give himself and them power. Money creates commerce and commerce goes into strange lands, develops new regions, carries ideas back and forth, enlarges the scope of every human being.—San Francisco Bulletin.

"I got out of bed and put on some pumps, collared my rifle and some cartridges and was going out of the door, when the Indian told me the bridle was on the other side, so I went out of another door, expecting to see the beast running off down the road. Like a fool I had not loaded my rifle, and no sooner had I stepped out on the veranda than I saw the leopard about three yards away, behind a chair. She gave a snarl and came straight at me.

"Luckily, I took the first rush on my rifle, and swept her off, and we then set to on the door with the weapons nature had provided us with. She got hold of one of my fingers, and I thought it was gone for good, but I got it free and kneeling on the top of her, proceeded to strangle her, shouting lustily for the cook to bring me a knife. He arrived, after what seemed ages, but was probably about half a minute, with a huge knife, but I then remembered that there was a revolver just behind me on a chair by my bed, and I told him to get it. Then I put a bullet from below its jaw out of the top of its head. My hand was rather painful for about two days, but is all right now, except for a stray scab or two. I was a good deal scratched, and my pajamas badly torn. My leopard is not very big, but it is a full-grown old female. Some one had hit it with a stone, which probably made it so fierce. Directly I got it by the throat it hardly moved again, but looked very nasty with all its front feet sticking out about six inches off my nose."

An Equal Safety.

An Irish clergyman during his first curacy found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. One day thereafter he met his successor.

"How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate.

"Oh, very well," was the answer. "There's safety in numbers."

"I found it in Exodus," was the quick reply.

When a woman commences to talk about a sealskin coat, she might as well buy one. It will be among her assets sooner or later.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

RELIGION is a man's relation to God.

He chooses night who refuses light.

Seeds of love may need storms of sorrow.

Stolen thunder will not bring showers of blessing.

A silent idiot is wiser than a babbling simpleton.

A PASTOR WHO WAS BEFRIENDED BY AN EMPEROR

SAVED BY PE-RU-NA



Rev. H. Stubenvoll, of Elkhorn, Wis., is pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran St. John's church of that place. Rev. Stubenvoll is the possessor of two bibles presented to him by Emperor William of Germany. Upon the fly leaf of one of the bibles the emperor has written in his own handwriting a text.

This honored pastor, in a recent letter to the Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, says concerning their famous catarrh remedy, Peruna:

Peruna Medicina Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Gentlemen: "I had hemorrhages of the lungs for a long time, and all despaired of me. I took Peruna and was cured. It gave me strength and courage, and made healthy, pure blood. It increased my weight, gave me a healthy color, and I feel well. It is the best medicine in the world. If everyone kept Peruna in the house it would save many from death every year."

Thousands of people have Catarrh who would be surprised to know it, because it has been called some other name than catarrh. The fact is catarrh is catarrh wherever located; and another fact which is of equally great importance, is that Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

Address Dr. Hartman, president of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Variant Estimates.

"How did that poem of yours turn out?"

"Oh," answered the author, "there was the difference of opinion that usually attends the production of a masterpiece. The postmaster insisted that it was first-class matter and the editor insisted that it was not."

An Unlucky Number, Sure.

Jack—Congratulate me! Mabel has accepted me.

Edith—Really? I hope you're not superstitious.

Jack—No. Why?

Edith—Because you're the thirteenth she has accepted this season, I believe.

Mothers will find Mrs. Minstow's Sooth Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Too Realistic Altogether.

Foxtight—And was the lighthouse scene realistic?

Sue Wray—Oh, yes. They had a real light house at last night's performance.—Yonkers Statesman.

Chronic Sores Eating Ulcers, A Constant Drain Upon the System

And a source of worry, anxiety and endless trouble to those who are afflicted with them, particularly so when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and sluggish. A gangrenous eating ulcer upon the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissue beneath and the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple and are a threatening danger always, because while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. Face sores are common and cause the greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly and detract from one's appearance.

Middle aged and old people and those whose blood is contaminated and tainted with the germs and poison of malaria or some previous sickness, or excessive use of mercury, are the chief sufferers from chronic sores and ulcers. While the blood remains in this unhealthy, polluted condition healing is simply impossible and the sore will continue to grow and spread in spite of washes and salves or any superficial or surface treatment, for the sore is but the outward sign of some constitutional disorder, a bad condition of the blood and system, which local remedies cannot cure.

Mrs. C. H. KING.
Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Dear Sirs:—Something like a rising came on my instep, very small at first, not at all painful, but as it grew larger and began to pain me I consulted a doctor, but in spite of all he could do the sore got worse and began to discharge; then other sores came until the whole top of my foot was one large mass of sores and I could not walk. Then my husband, who had been cured of scrofula by the use of S. S. S., said he believed it would cure me. I began taking it and eight bottles cured me; my foot healed up nicely. I believe I would have been a cripple for life but for S. S. S.

S. S. reaches these old chronic sores through the blood. It goes to the very root of the trouble and counteracts and removes from the blood all the impurities and poisons, and gradually builds up the entire system and strengthens the sluggish circulation, and when the blood has been purified and the system purged of all morbid unhealthy matter the healing process begins, and the eating ulcer or chronic sore is soon entirely gone.

S. S. contains no mineral or poisonous drugs of any description, but is guaranteed a purely vegetable remedy, a blood purifier and tonic combined and a safe and permanent cure for chronic sores and ulcers. If you have a slow-healing sore of any kind, large or small, write us about it, and our physicians will advise you without charge. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

A SHARP OVERSEER.

Men in the Employ of Mrs. Howard Gould Have to Toe the Mark.

Mrs. Howard Gould assumes the role of overseer of the workmen employed at the Gould mansion from the moment they enter the house until they drop their tools at night and depart for home. Hers is no lackadaisical interest in the affairs of her decorators and carpenters, but she makes each man "step lively" in a most business-like fashion. A rule that is never swerved from in the slightest degree is that of enrollment. If a man doesn't wish to be enrolled he must go; if he objects to being numbered there is another to take his place. As the average laborer is not very rebellious when it comes to matters of this kind, Mrs. Gould usually finds no difficulty in writing down the name of each man and setting a number opposite to it, this number corresponding with one on a badge of blue ribbon which she causes to be pinned to the man's coat or suspender strap.

This done, in the first hour when the workmen enter the house, they take up their various branches of work, and the unsophisticated thinks he is left to the sole management of his master workman. But not so; Mrs. Gould goes among her workmen once during the morning and surveys their work, with the observation of a woman who may change her mind a hundred times before the work is completed. Then comes the noon hour. If the men are not back at work when they should be, Mrs. Gould wants to know the reason for the delay, and immediately inquires into the matter. When these men work in the afternoon, Mrs. Gould is generally among them, directing a change here, suggesting a different pattern or some new and fantastic idea.

Woe to the man who displeases; he cannot stay. It isn't just a report made to the master workman, nor a complaint to the contractor, but immediate, rapid-fire action that takes place. Mrs. Gould ranges her little force of authority (in the form of Mrs. Gould herself, a lead pencil, and a notebook) in front of the unfortunate offender, and, calling his number and name, crosses both from the book with a stroke of her pencil that plainly says, "Out, damned spot," and, whether it be in the morning, afternoon or evening, that workman is discharged then and there, and no amount of arguing will keep him his place. He has offended and must go.

PRICE GO UP IN BOUNDS.

Starting Manner in Which Real Estate Values Jump on Long Island Sound.

Real estate values in some parts of Long Island have lately increased with amazing rapidity, owing to the evident desire of certain wealthy men to form large holdings. The following story is told in a New York paper in connection with the recent purchase of a 45-acre farm near Lake Success: An agent called on the owner and asked him what he would sell for.

"Five thousand dollars," he replied. "All right," said the agent, "but first I will have to see my principal." In a day or two he returned, saying, "Well, we will take your place." "I am asking \$10,000 now," was the reply of the owner, who had "become wise."

The agent demurred, but the farmer insisted, and the agent was compelled again to consult his principal. On his return the farmer had raised the price to \$20,000.

"Well," said the agent, "that is too much. We don't want your farm particularly anyhow."

"All right," was the answer. A week later the agent visited the place again, and on seeing the owner said, "Well, have you jumped your price again?"

"Yes, I have; I want \$45,000 now."

"I'll take it," said the agent. "Here is a deposit, for there's no telling where you will jump to next."

Convicted by Thumb Marks.

Readers of Mark Twain's novel, Pudd'nhead Wilson, remember that the climax of the story turns on the evidence of finger marks. Evidence of the kind convicted a burglar in a Southern court recently. He had made his entrance through a window whose sill had been freshly painted. He left a plain imprint of his thumb. This led to his detection and a seven-year sentence was the penalty of being so careless with fresh paint. The minute lines and ridges on the finger tips and particularly the ball of the thumb constitute an autograph signature which cannot be forged and which has a peculiar pattern for each individual. Since 1894 the English police have preserved finger print records of criminals as a certain means of future identification. A similar method of authenticating signatures to important documents has existed for ages in the East, and in India to-day the use of thumb marks as signatures is a part of the postal order system adopted by the British postoffice authorities as a safeguard against forgery.

Bibles for the Blind.

There is a New York publishing house which sells Bibles for the blind. The letters are embossed and stand out in relief sufficiently high to enable the trained fingers of the "reader" to interpret a whole word almost as quickly as the eye transmits the same intelligence to the mind. The Bible, printed in eight volumes, can be had for \$8, but as only a small portion of the blind can afford to buy them, the sale of the books is necessarily small.

Mistakes seem to be necessary; a man who can't show scars isn't much of a wood chopper.

When writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."—J. A. Gruenfelder, Granford, Ill.

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.

Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Hadn't Tried It.

Mrs. Weddle—Was that gentleman who gave you the cigar a friend of yours?

Weddle—I don't know; I haven't smoked it yet.—New York Times.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dick H. Fletcher*

Chopping Him Off.

The Count (passionately)—I love you ver-ee-ver-ee gr-r-r-round you walk on!

The Heiress (coldly)—I always ride!—Puck.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of *Brentwood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Price 25 Cents Purely Vegetable, *Brentwood*

ORIENTAL MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

HELLO, - EVERYBODY!

Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers, Sweethearts, Friends, and all others who are fond of a PIANO, WATCH AND CHAIN, OR ONE OF 13 OTHER GIFTS? IF SO, TALK QUICK, as time limit is February 2nd, 1903.

There is only one of these gifts laying in wait for someone to buy. Why not you? Send 25c. for sample of goods and particulars.

Uncle Sam's Work Shop

205 Larkin St., San Francisco, Calif.

DON'T GET WET!

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE SLICKER

MADE FAMOUS BY A REPUTATION

EXTENDING OVER MORE THAN

HALF A CENTURY.

TOWER'S garments and hats are made of the best materials in black or yellow for all kinds of wet work.

SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED IF YOU STICK TO THE SIGN OF THE FISH.

A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This parasite has caused me much trouble these three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."

GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Miss.

CANDY CATHERIC

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULAR

THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1903.

Well! Did you ever hear of a more outlandish proposition in our life? The appointment of a delegate to congress by three or five men in a district that contains 50,000 intelligent American citizens! Senator Beveridge is certainly entitled to the cake—bakery and all—and a big bouquet thrown in! There is one thing that some members of both houses of congress should learn: Alaska is not an Indian territory to have an agent placed over it at the dictation of one or two persons. The people are mostly native-born whites and are well up regarding a republican form of government. Better, a thousand times, that this delegate bill be torn into fragments and scattered to the four winds than that it be foisted upon the people with the appointive clause.

After forty days of bickering the Oregon legislature did a righteous thing on the last night of the session by electing to the United States' Senate, Hon. C. W. Fulton, of Clatsop county. It was a hard fought battle, and only for the staying qualities of the friends of the statesman he would have been defeated. But the termination was a happy and just one. No man has done more to hold his party intact than Mr. Fulton, and no man is more competent than he to represent the state of Oregon and the great northwest. Hurrah for Senator Fulton!

Why the shooting of game birds should be restricted to between September 1 and December 15 and not have been extended to February 1, is hard to explain: None of the birds mate until about May 1. This law, however, like all other legislation for the District, is not for the benefit of Alaskans as it is for sportsmen from afar, who would hardly linger longer in the country so late in the season. Some of these fine days these tourist hunters will be called upon to pay the country a little hunting license as do those who frequent the wilds of Maine for the pleasures of the chase.—Skaguay Alaskan.

The SENTINEL has thought all the time that its neighbor the Journal of Ketchikan, was joking on the territorial organization proposition; but it begins to believe that its neighbor is in dead earnest. Now then, the SENTINEL will inform the Journal that if it will move for organizing south eastern Alaska into a territory, will gladly join hands and stick to it tighter than a wood tick. But "the whole cheese" don't go and we won't stand for it, as its population is, as we have said before, too migratory.

In the death of Capt. Wilson not only is Wrangell a sufferer but the whole of southeastern Alaska will feel and notice it, as for years he has been an active factor in nearly all of the canneries of southeastern Alaska, in supplying boxes for the packs of salmon. And not only that, but his generous hand has alleviated the wants of many a man that the public knows naught of. The public can truly say, a true benefactor is gone! Hail! and Farewell!!

Gold is becoming mighty common. During the past six years this country has not only dug four hundred and five million dollars' worth of the glittering metal from its mines, but it has also imported from other countries two hundred and thirteen million dollars, a net gain in gold of \$218,000,000. These figures are undoubtedly very un-welcome reading to Mr. Bryan, but he is compelled to swallow the truth, although the act may provoke a choking sensation.

The duty of 10 cents a pound on tea was removed January 1st, and, according to our free trade friends, the price of tea should immediately drop 10 cents a pound. Will it? Or will it be like coal of this section to which Dunsmuir simply adds the 6¢, duty removed to his own profits?

A man well informed said recently that by denying himself three ten-cent cigars daily for twenty years, he figured that he has saved \$2,190. He then asked another man for a chew of tobacco. This world of ours is full of just such consistency.

The seed graft ought to stop. Last year this distribution cost the government \$270,000, besides the expense of shipment, and in most cases the seeds were old, discarded things from seed houses, that nine times out of ten refuse to grow because of inferior quality. It is well enough to distribute Alaska seeds in Alaska, but general varieties from the outside had best be kept at home.

Boycott the trusts! That's the way to drive them out of business. Boycot the steel trust—he honest. Quit the soap trust—go dirty. Boycot the tobacco trust—chew the rag. Quit the sugar trust—don't get sweet on anybody, male or female. Boycot the match trust—don't get married. Quit the whisky trust—drink buttermilk and catnip tea. Quit the oil trust—the next world will be hot enough to make up for any chilliness in this one.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a special meeting of Wrangell Chamber of Commerce last Thursday, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

HALL OF WRANGEL CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Wrangell, Alaska, Feb. 26, 1903.

WHEREAS, It is with deep regret and sorrow that this Chamber learns of the death of Capt. Thomas Wilson, one of our most esteemed and trustworthy members; and

WHEREAS, By his death the business interests of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, have sustained a loss that will be keenly felt; the community loses a highly respected citizen and neighbor; this Chamber, a careful adviser and pleasant co-worker, and the wife a faithful and devoted husband; therefore, be it

Resolved, By this Chamber, That we deeply deplore this sudden death and taking-off of our neighbor and friend, but bow to the will of Him who "doeth all things well," in submitting to the loss which this Chamber and community have sustained.

Resolved, That our hall be draped in mourning for thirty days; and

Resolved, That this token of respect be spread upon our journal, that a copy be furnished the bereaved widow, and that it be published in the ALASKA SENTINEL.

School Report.

For School No. 2 for February: Days taught..... 20 Days attendance..... 805½ Days absence..... 69½ Times tardy..... 17 Average daily attendance... 40 Visitors..... 1

The following pupils having been neither absent nor tardy during the month, constitute the roll of honor. Frank Churchill, George McGee, Margaret Bronson, Frederick Bronson, William Snyder, Elton Barnes, Lulu Farrar, Katherine Bronson, Christina Lemieux, Roy Churchill, Brigham Grant, Leland Headlund, Bertha Lemieux. W. G. BEATTIE, Teacher.

Shakan Sayings.

Feb. 22, 1903.

But little news from Shakan, as the mill and logging camp are shut down. A great deal of snow, and no water to run the mill.

Most of the natives have gone out logging.

At the native church last evening Judge Sutton married two white men to native women. No cards!

A special meeting of the Baldy Club was held last week for the purpose of incorporating, but owing to some violent remarks made by the president, nothing was accomplished.

We greatly miss the presence of genial Dr. Kyvig, whose wonderful baritone voice endeared him to the whole community.

Hope to give you more news in my next.

SHA-QUITZ.

MORE LOCAL ITEMS.

The mill wharf is undergoing substantial repairs.

There is talk of instituting an Elks' Lodge, here. Plenty of good material.

George Card is in the painting business, the latest attack being on his residence.

The Wrangell contingent of the district court are off for Ketchikan to assume their duties.

Paul Bergfeld drew the plans for the proposed new school house at Wrangell. He is an artist.

It looks good to see Uncle John Finlayson out on the streets again, after his long confinement.

Attorney G. E. Rodman, came up from Ketchikan on the Farallon for a few days stay on business matters.

Fred and Marsus Wigg, Willis Hogland and Wm Tamarree went out Monday for the purpose of logging.

While playing foot-ball Tuesday evening, George Kloquitz was so unfortunate as to severely sprain his right foot.

M. Herrick, of the Barnes Lake Bay cannery, arrived up Tuesday evening and will probably start on his return today.

Henry Barin is editor of the Illustrated West, S. 107 Monroe St., Spokane, Wash. Mr. Barin used to reside at Wrangell.

Besides doing its own work this week the SENTINEL office has put in type one side of the Missionary Herald for Mr. Stark.

Mr. Bruno Greif has been quite ill for some days past, but is able to be out again. He talks of going to some springs for his health.

The Presbyterian Board of Missions have extended the case of Rev. H. P. Corser indefinitely and will send a man here to investigate matters.

Mr. Inman bought a portion of the Collins wharf and Tuesday tried to blow it down with dynamite. But it didn't "blow," piles too solid.

Mrs. Patenaude has lately received the information that her parents who are very aged, were so unfortunate as to lose their home and household effects by fire.

There will be a meeting of the Board of Directors of the hospital at the hospital building next Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. All friends are invited to be present,

The following telegram is self-explanatory: "Tracer located Peter, telegraphed him that to maintain my reputation for veracity, he must accompany me on the Seattle.

WEVER.

Out of respect to the departed dead, Capt. T. A. Wilson, Alert Fire Company met last Thursday evening and postponed their ball for one week—to tomorrow night, March 6th.

F. W. Carlyon has got his new front doors in the old store building and Walter Campen has been touching things up with the paint brush so that they look pretty sleek.

John Peratovitch of Shakan sent over to J. F. Collins a big sack of clams, the other day and the editor got his share of them. They were regular fat, Prince of Wales kind, and were appreciated. Thanks!

The mail boat Tidings reached home last Saturday from her trip to Prince of Wales and way ports. Mr. Young reports a very pleasant trip. He brought some work back for the SENTINEL. Thanks!

K. J. Kyug came over from Ideal Cove, Sunday. Mr. K. informs a reporter that extending the close season for fishing will probably be the means of driving the saltery out of business, as they put up nothing but King salmon, and this makes it too late for them.

Messrs. Ernest and George Specht and John Rose came over from their Elephant Nose property the latter part of the week, having completed their assessment work.

They have done considerable tunneling on their claim, and the further in they go the richer the indications. This is undoubtedly one of the very best properties in Alaska.

The Dolphin came in here early Monday morning with fifteen tons of freight, several passengers and a few papers in the mail. But where were the letters? Echo answers, "where?" To be plain about this matter, it seems darnation peculiar that a mail boat should come here direct from below and no letters from our business men. If they are not going to carry the mail as per contract, why don't they throw up the job and give it to somebody that will attend to it? We are glad to have the Dolphin come in here; but if she takes the place of a mail boat, why "business is business."

Seven of the crew who are to help build the Lincoln Rock lighthouse came up on the Dolphin, and Tuesday the Antelope took them and their supplies, apparatus, etc., down to their camp, which is about two miles from the Rock, on Etolin Island. They expect the contractor Mr. Caskey up in a short time, and possibly Mr. Worth, the government engineer. It is hoped they will be more successful with the work this year than last.

The Cottage City has probably made her last trip up here for some time, as the Spokane is to take her place.

THE STICKEEN PHARMACY, Wrangell, Alaska.

Dr. K. A. KYVIG,

Dealer In—

Pure Drugs and Chemicals,
Stationery and Toilet Articles.
Prescriptions Accurately Compounded at All Hours.

Patenaude's Barber Shop & Bath Rooms.

ALSO, A COMPLETE LINE OF

SMOKERS' ARTICLES,
Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes and Barber's Supplies.

FRONT STREET, WRANGELL, ALASKA.

L. C. Patnaude, Prop'r.

J. F. Connelly. J. M. Lane

Lane & Connelly,

Manufacturers of...

Fine Cigars.

204 and 206 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

SENATE Meat Market.

Fresh and Salt Meats

Always on Hand.

Vegetables, Poultry and Game

In Season.

W. C. WATERS, Pro

Edward Ludecke,

General Repairer of

Boots and Shoes.

All work left with me will be

Promptly and Satisfactorily Done.

Shop in Cagle building, next door to Sinclair's store,

Wrangell, Alaska.

In the United States Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska.

Robert Reid, and Robert Reid as Executor of the partnership estate of Rufus Sylvester, deceased, plaintiff, vs. Fred C. Sepp, defendant.

To the United States Marshal of the District of Alaska, or any Deputy:

IN the name of the United States of America, We command you to summon Fred C. Sepp to appear before the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace in Wrangell Precinct, in said District, on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court House in said Precinct to answer the complaint of Robert Reid, and Robert Reid as Administrator of the Partnership Estate of Reid and Sylvester, founded upon an account, and wherein he demands \$905.00.

Given under my hand this 19th day of Feb. A. D. 1903.

W. G. THOMAS, U. S. Commissioner and ex-officio Justice of the Peace.

G. E. RODMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

First publication Feb. 19, 1903.

Last publication April 2, 1903.

In the Commissioner's Court, Wrangell Precinct, First Division, District of Alaska.

J. F. Hamilton, Plaintiff vs. Fred C. Sepp, Defendant.

To the United States Marshal of the District of Alaska, or any Deputy:

IN the name of the United States of

America, We command you to summon Fred C. Sepp, to appear before the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace in Wrangell Precinct, in said District, on the 7th day of April A. D. 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court House in said District to answer the complaint of J. F. Hamilton, founded upon an assigned account and wherein he demands \$160.00.

Given under my hand and seal this 19th day of Feb. A. D. 1903.

W. G. THOMAS, U. S. Commissioner and ex-officio Justice of the Peace.

G. E. RODMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

First publication Feb. 19, 1903.

Last publication April 2, 1903.

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